

T H E
DOWN-FALL of the *WHIGGS* :
 O R, T H E
 Duke of *MONMOUTH'S* Journey
 I N T O T H E
 N O R T H .

To the Tune of *Hey Boys up go we.*

1. **A** *Papish* Duke goes where he will
 And none dare ask him why ?
 Sometimes by Sea sometimes by Land,
 Like Lightning he doth fly,
 Well guarded he can march about,
 This we too plainly see,
 And none dare say, he makes a Rout,
Sing hey Boys up go we.

2. But if young *Femmy* once a year
 Goes out to take the Air,
 Then he's a Rioter we hear,
 (Oh ! judge if this be fair)
 If he rides out to see a Friend,
 Such as the young Lord *Grey*,
 Then he's a Rioter, there's an end,
Tho the clean contrary way.

3. A *Papist* may ride cock a hoop,
 To any Town or City,
 And at his Arse may have a Troop,
 (Ah lads the more's the pity)
 Not one will bid him hold , or stand,
 A happy man is He,
 We've almost now two K——s 'ith' Land,
Sing hey boys up go we.

4. Let *Monmouth* ride to *Lancashire*,
 But with a sober Train,
 The *Papists* hearts are all on fire,
 Till he's brought back again,
 They Envy much his great Renown,
 And traps for him they lay,
 They'd have you think he seeks the Crown,
Tho the clean contrary way.

5. But

5. But *T*. may through the Kingdom pass;
And none will speak a Word;
He may take up with *M*as or *L*as,
No *Tory* cares a *T*——d,
He may be rude, or may be quiet,
No faults in him they'll see,
For who dare say he makes a Riot,
Sing hey Boys up go we.

6. Ah las poor *Whiggs* the times are hard,
I cannot chuse but grieve,
You scarce can eat or drink I find,
Unless you ask them leave,
You are depriv'd of all the sport,
Which *Papists* have they say,
Pray thank the *Tory-Raskals* for't,
But the clean contrary way.

7. *Newmarket* was not built for you,
You've other Games to play,
No sport becomes the *Whiggish* crue,
Let them go preach and pray,
For if their Prayers prevent it not,
They all shall ruine be,
For now we have outliv'd the Plot,
Sing heyboys up go we.

8. A *Tory* Boy may laugh and sing,
For now the day's his own,
The *Popish* Plot has taken wing,
And to old Nick is flown,
But *Presbyters* may hang their Ears,
And sigh both night and day,
For they'll be rid of all their fears,
But the clean contrary way.

9. The *Whigs* are quite cast out of door,
It matters not by who,
Some *Indian* or some *Tawny Moor*,
Has prov'd their mortal Foe,
And in short time the *Tories* hope,
They'll gain the triple Tree,
And that will please the good old Pope,
Then hey boys up go we.

10. Our *Tory* Number is but small;
But what care we for that,
With noise we mean to drown you all,
With the help of *Popish* *Nat*,
We'll print ten thousand lyes an hour,
And swear them every day,
Thus we shall strut and *Whigs* devour,
But the clean contrary way.